







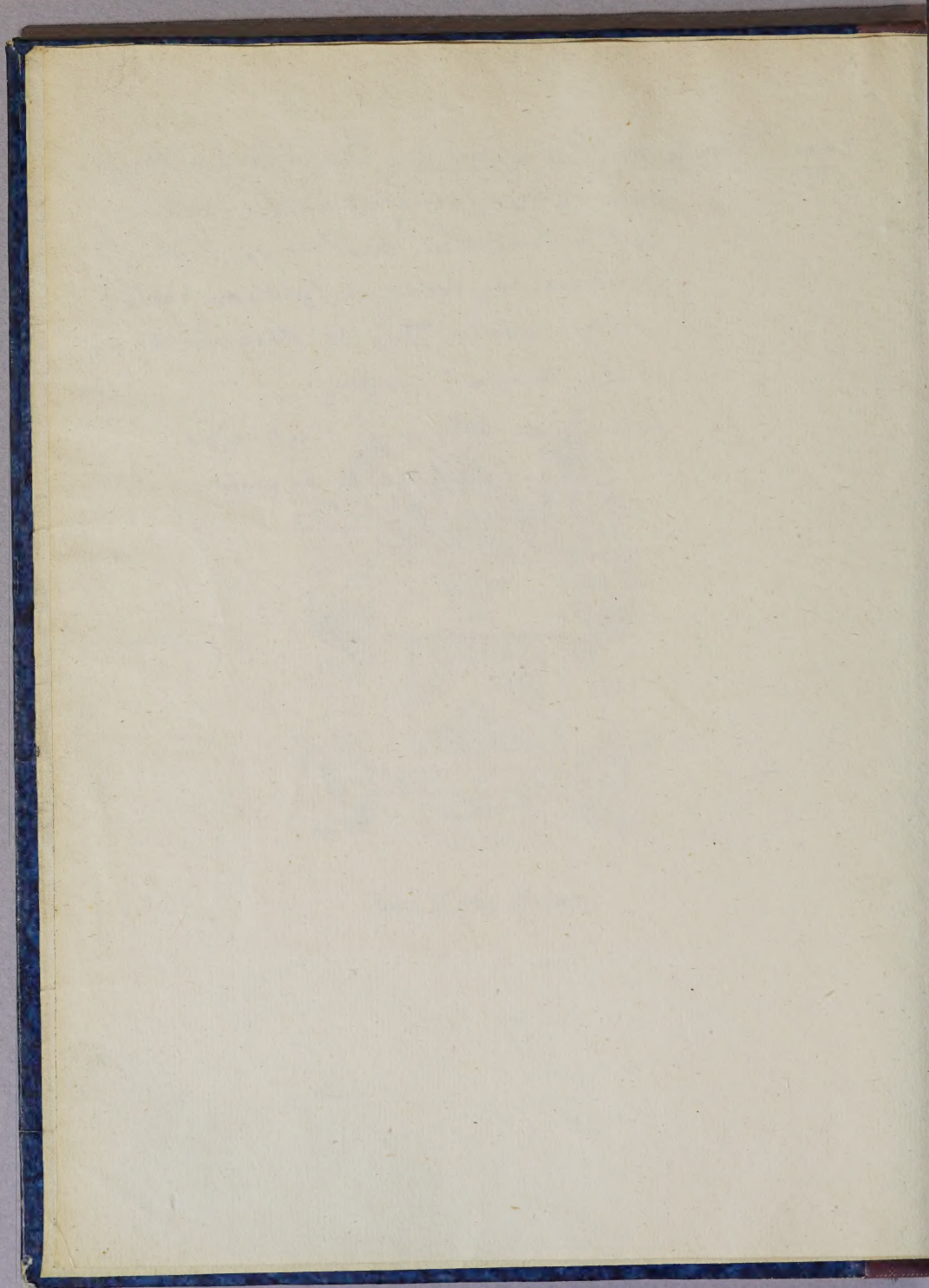
John Carter Brown.

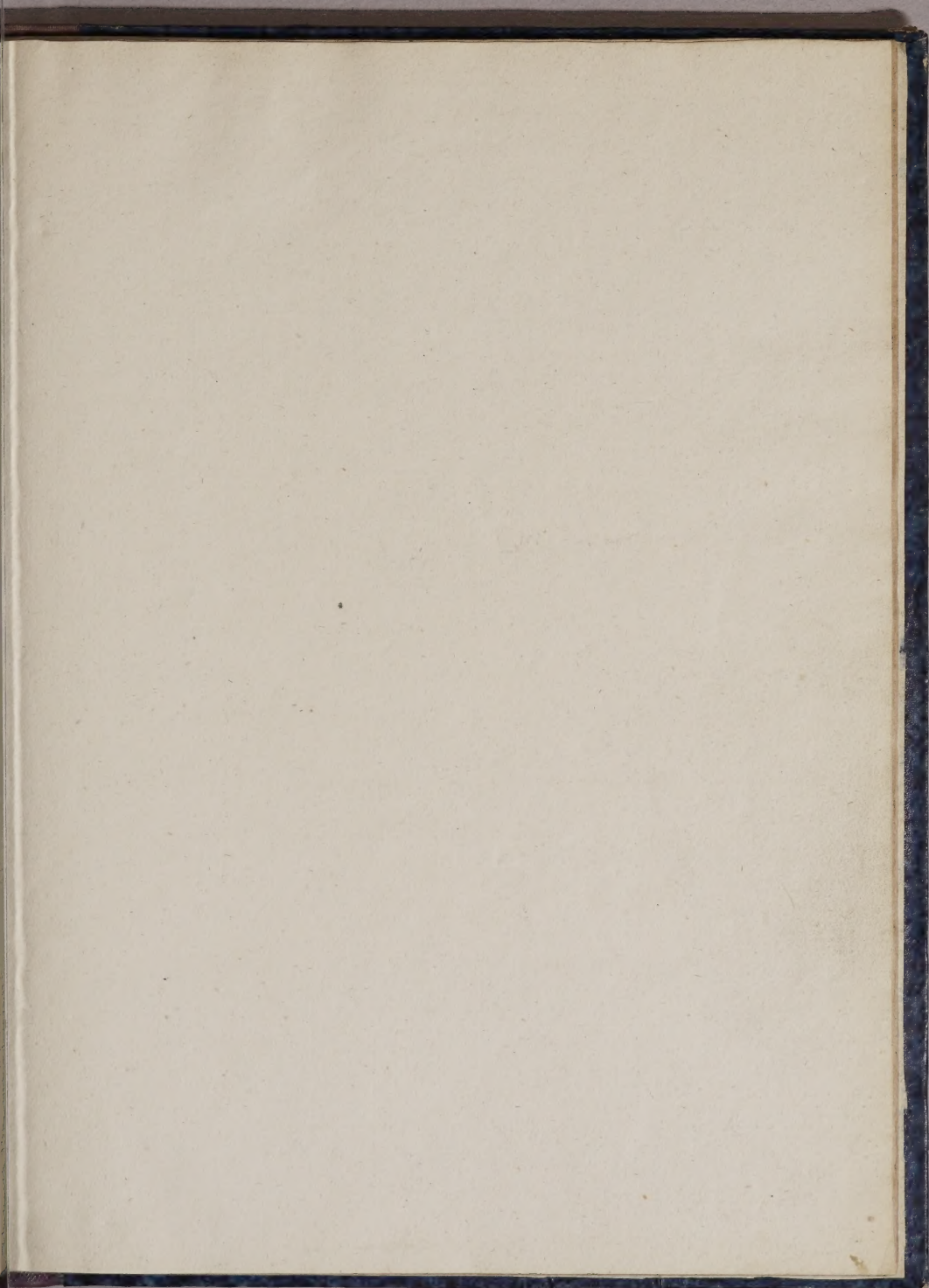
See Tompson, Benjamin., Benjamin Tomp-  
son 1692-1714 first native-born  
Poet of America His Poems... Intro-  
duction by Howard Judson Hall.  
1924 where this is described as  
only known copy.

(Wing has a copy in Huntington)

Sad + Deplorable News









5<sup>th</sup> 4<sup>to</sup>

Benjamin Thompson



New-Englands Tears *21*

FOR HER

Present Miseries :

O R,

A Late and True RELATION of  
the CALAMITIES of

NEW-ENGLAND

Since *APRIL* last past.

With an Account of the Battel between the  
*English* and *Indians* upon *Seaconk Plain*:

And of the *Indians* Burning and Destroying of  
*Marlbury*, *Rehoboth*, *Chelmsford*, *Sudbury*,  
and *Providence*.

With the Death of *Antononies* the Grand *Indian* Sachem;  
And a RELATION of a Fortification begun by  
Women upon *Boston Neck*. Together with an Elegy on  
the Death of *John Winthrop* Esq; late Governour of *Con-*  
*necticott*, and Fellow of the *Royal Society*.

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*Written by an Inhabitant of Boston in New England*  
*to his Friend in London.* With Allowance.

---

LONDON Printed for N. S. 1676.



New-Englands Tears  
FOR HER  
Present Miseries;

OR  
A True and True RELATION of  
the CALAMITIES of  
NEW-ENGLAND  
Since APRIL last past.

With an Account of the Battle between the  
English and Indians upon Snow Point  
And of the Indians Burning and Destroying of  
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and Preshoan.  
With the Death of Nathaniel the Good Indian Sachem  
And a RELATION of a Torture begun by  
Women upon Boston Neck. Together with an Essay on  
the Death of John Winthrop Elder, late Governor of Con-  
necticut, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

Written by an Inhabitant of Boston in New England  
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JOHN CARTER BROWN

1

A  
NARRATIVE  
OF

New Englands  
PRESENT  
CALAMITIES.

15 April 1676.



H A T means this silence of *Harvardine*  
While *Mars* Triumphant thunders on our  
Have *Pagan* Priests their Eloquence confin'd  
To no mans use but the mysterious Mind  
Have *PAWAW*S charm'd that Art which  
To crouch to every *DO N* that lost his life

But now whole Towns and Churches fire and die,  
Without the pity of an Elegy.

A 2

Nay,



## New-Englands Tears

Nay, rather should my Quills, were they all Swords,  
 Wear to the Hilt in some lamenting words:  
 I dare not stile them Poetry, but Truth,  
 The dwindling products of my crazie youth;  
 If these Essays shall rouse some quainter Pens  
 'Twill to the Author make a rich amends.

## Marlburies Fate.

**V**hen London's fatal Bills were blown abroad,  
 And few but Specters travel'd on the Road,  
 Not Towns, but Men in the black page inroll'd  
 Were in Gazets by *Typographers* sold;  
 But our Gazets without Errata's Must  
 Report the Plague of Towns reduc'd to Dust:  
 And Feavors, but ere while to Tenants sent  
 Arrest the Timbers of the Tenement.

Ere the late ruines of poor *Groten's* cold,  
 Of *Marlburies* peracute Disease we're told;  
 The feet of such, who neighb'ring dwellings urn'd  
 Unto its ashes, not its doors return'd.  
 So what remain'd of Tears as yet unspent  
 Are to its final gulps a Tribute lent.

If Painter ever track my Pen, let him  
 An Olive colour mix, these Elves to trim;  
 Of such an hue, let many hundred Thieves  
 Be drawn like Scarecrows clad with Otken leaves,  
 Exhausted of their Verdant Life, and blown  
 From place to place without a home to own:  
 Draw Devils like themselves, upon their cheeks  
 Those Banks of Grease and Mud a plat for Leeks;  
 Whose dangling Locks *Medusa's* Snakes resemble,  
 With grizly looks would make *Achilles* tremble.  
 Limn them besmear'd with Christian blood, and oyl'd  
 With fat out of white humane Bodies boyld.

Draw



Draw them with Clubs like Mauls, all full of stains;  
 Like *Vulcan's* anvelling *New England's* brains:  
 Let round be gloomy Forrests, and thick Rocks;  
 Where like to Castles they may hide their Flocks:  
 Till opportunity, their constant friend,  
 Shall jogge them *Vulcan's* Worship to attend.  
 Shew them like Serpents in an avious path,  
 Waiting to sow the Fire-balls of their wrath.  
 Much like *Aeneas*, in his cloak of mist,  
 Who undiscover'd, move where ere they list.  
*Cupid* some tell us, had two sorts of Darts,  
 But we feel none, but such as drill our hearts;  
 From *Indian* sheaves which to their shoulders cling,  
 Upon the Word they quickly feel the string.  
 Hide first the *Sun* beneath the Earth, and quench  
 In *Thetis* boul the Stars; the *Lunar* Wench.  
 So mutab'e in fashions, make her happy  
 To lie a slumbering in *Apollo's* lappe.  
 Let Earth be made a Screen to hide our woe,  
 From Heaven's Monarch, and his Ladies too:  
 And least our jealousie think they partake,  
 For the Red Stage with Clouds a Curtain make.  
 Let Doggs be gagg'd, and every quickning sound,  
 Be charm'd to silence: here and there all round,  
 The Town, to suffer. From a thousand holes  
 Let crawl those Fiends with brands and firing Poles.  
 Paint here an House and there a Barn on fire,  
 With Holocausts ascending in a spire.  
 Here Granaries, yonder the Churches smoke,  
 Which Vengeance on the Actors did invoke.  
 Let *Morpheus* with his Leaden Keys have bound  
 In Feather beds some, some upon the Ground,  
 That none may burst his drousie Shackles till  
 The British Pagans have obtain'd their will,  
 And *Vulcan* files them off. Then *Zeuxis* paint  
 The phrensie glances of the Sinking Saint.  
 Draw there the Pastor for his Bible crying,  
 The Souldier for his Sword, the Glutton frying

With



With Streams of glory fat. The thin-jaw'd Miser,  
 Ah had I given this, I had been wiser.  
 Let here the Mother seem a Statue turn'd,  
 At the sad object of her Bowels burn'd.  
 Let the unstable Weakling in belief,  
 Be mounting *Assur's* Horses for relief.  
 Let the half Convert seem suspended 'twixt  
 The Dens of Darkn<sup>e</sup>s and the Planets fixt.  
 Ready to quit his hold and yet hold fast  
 By the great *Atlas* of the Heavens vast.  
 Paint Papists mutt'ring over apish Beads,  
 Whom the Blind follow while the Blindman leads.  
 Let *ATTAXIE* be mounted on a Throne,  
 Imposing her Commands on every one:  
 A many-headed Monster without Eyes,  
 To see the Wayes which wont to make men wise.  
 Give her a Thousand Tongues with Wings and Hands  
 To be Ubiquitary in commands:  
 But let the Concave of her Soul appear,  
 Washt Clean and Empty, quite of all but tear.  
 One she bids run, another stay, a third  
 She bids betake him to his rusty Sword;  
 This to his treasure, t'other to his Knees,  
 Some Counsels she to fry, and some to freeze:  
 These to the Garrisons, those to the Load;  
 Some to run empty, some to take the Load.  
 Thus while Confusion, most mens hearts divide,  
 Fire doth the small Exchequer soon decide.  
 Thus all things seeming ope or secret foes,  
 An Infant may grow gray before a dose.  
 But yet my hopes remain in perfect strength,  
*New England* will be prosperous once at length.

The British Legation have  
 And I can give them off. Then I will  
 Give them the Power for his Bible  
 The British for his sword, the British

Pro-



for her present Miseries.

5

### Providences Fate.

**VV** Hy muse we thus, to see the Wheels run cross,  
Since Providence it self, sustains a loss:  
Should Providence, but one day miss its watch,  
I fear the Enemy would all dispatch,

Resplendent *Phæbus* would forget to shine,  
The wandring Planets, to forget their Line.  
The Stars run all out of their proper spheres,  
And quickly fall together by the eares;  
The Ocean would forget to ebbe and flow,  
The Mother cease the tender babe to know.  
Kingdoms would jostle out their Kings and set,  
The Vile Mechanick up who next they met:  
Or rather Kings, and Kingdoms, with the World,  
Would into Chaos its first rise be turn'd:  
This sacred Providence of the Most High,  
None can outlive and write its Elegy.  
But of a solitary Town I write,  
A place of darkness, yet receiving light  
From Pagans hands; a miscellaneous nest  
Of Errours, Hectors, where they sought a rest  
Out of the reach of Laws, but not of God;  
Since they have smarted by the common Rod.  
I was much I thought it did escape so long,  
Which sacred truth did manifestly wrong;  
For one *Lots* sake perhaps, or else I think,  
Justice did long at great offenders wink.  
Tis happy for them, if their filth and dross,  
Be cleansed off, though by a common loss.

### Seaconk Plain Engagement.

**O**N our *Pharsalian* Plain, containing space  
For *Caesar's* Armies, *Pompey's* to outface,  
An handful of our men are walled round,  
With Tawny Bands, anon their pieces sound.



A Madrigal; like Hail the Bullets fly,  
 An Emblem of Heavens Artillery.  
 Here's Hosts to Handfuls, of a few they leave  
 Fewer to tell how many they bereave.  
 Fool hardy Fortitude, it had been sure,  
 Thousands of Shot, and Arrows to endure:  
 Without all hopes of some requital too,  
 So numerous and pestilent a foe.  
 Most Fought like *Dragons*; through this *Indian* mist,  
 The Beams of Valour break where e'er they list:  
 Who died ('tis thought) sold lives at such a rate,  
 As doth the fury of the foes abate.  
 Some musing a Retreat, and thence to run,  
 Have in an instant all their business done.  
 They Sink, and Die, their wonted sorrows weight,  
 They Tumble at their Feet, and follow strait.  
 Here Captious ones, without their Queries lie,  
 The Quaker here, the Presbyterian by.  
 The Scruple dormant lies of thee and thou,  
 And most as one to Deaths dominion bow.  
 Such who out-live the fate of others fly,  
 Into the Neighbouring Swamps of misery.  
 Those who might die like men, like beasts must range,  
 Uncertain whither for a better change.  
 Such Natives hunt and chase with Tygers mind,  
 And plague with Cruelties such as they find.  
 When shall this showre of Blood be over? when?  
 Quickly we pray (good Lord) say thou *Amen*.

### *Rehoboth's Fate.*

**I** Once conjectur'd that these Figures hard,  
 To reverend *Newman's* Bones would have regard.  
 But were all Saints they met, it were all one case,  
 They owe no Reverence to an Angels Face.  
 But where they fix their Monstrous Lion Paw's,  
 They Read without remorse or heed to Laws



*For her present Miseries.*

7

*Rehoboth* here in our plain English Rest,  
They ranſack. *NEW MAN's* Reliques they moleſt.  
Here all the Town is made a publick ſtage,  
Whereon theſe *Nimrods* act their Monſtrous rage;  
And Cruelties which Paper ſtain'd before,  
Are acted to the life here ore and ore.  
Let this, dear Lord, the ſad Concluſion be  
Of poor *New-Englands* fatal Tragedie.  
Let not the Glory of thy former work,  
Blaphemed lie by *Pagan, Jew, or Turk.*  
But in *New-Englands* Aſhes write thy Name,  
So fair all Nations may expound the ſame.  
Out of theſe Ruins, let a *Phenix* riſe,  
That may outſhine the firſt, and be more wiſe.

Another black Parentheſis of woe,  
The Printer wills that all the world ſhould know.

*Upon the ſetting of that Occidental Star John Winthrop Eſq; Governour of Connecticut Colony, Member of the Royal Society; who deceased in his Countreys Service 6 April 1676.*

**N**ine Muſes, get you all but one to ſleep,  
But ſpare *Melpomene*, with me to weep.  
From you whoſe bleared Eyes have *Lectures* read,  
Of many of our *Engliſh* Heroe's dead.

I beg a glance from Spectacles of Woe,  
(Quotidian Gazers) Brave *Winthrop* to.  
Whoſe death Terreſtrial Comets did portend,  
To every one who was his Countreys friend.  
The Blaze of Towns was up like Torches light,  
To guide him to his Grave, who was ſo fit  
To rule, or to obey, to live or die:  
(A ſpecial Favorite of the Moſt High)  
*Monarch* of Natures Secrets, who did hold,  
Its grand Elixir named the *Star* of *GOLD*.

B

Or



Or else the World mistakes, and by his deeds,  
 Of Daily Charities Expence he needs.  
 But had he it; he wiser was than so,  
 That every Ape of Artists should it know.  
 He had the Syſtem of the Univerſe,  
 Too Glorious for any to Rehearſe.  
 As *Moses* took the Law in Clouds and Fire;  
 Which Vulgars barr'd at diſtance much admire.  
 Thus was he taught the precious Art of healing,  
 (Judge we but by ſucceſs) at Gods revealing.  
 He mounted up the Stairs of Sciences,  
 Unto the place of Viſions which did pleaſe.  
 Where on the Pinacle of worldly ſkill,  
 On Kingdoms of all Arts, he gaz'd his fill.  
 Into his Thoughts Alembick we may think,  
 He crouded Stars to make a Diet Drink.  
 (I mean) Terreſtrial Stars which in the Earth;  
 Receive their vitals and a Mineral Birth:  
 That *Proteus*, *Mercury*, he could compel,  
 Moſt ſoberly well fixt at home to dwell.  
 Of Salt (which Cooks do uſe for Eggs and Fiſhes)  
 He made a Baſom better than all Riches;  
 And Sulphur too provided for mens woe,  
 He made an Antidote Diſeaſes to.  
 This Terrene three, were made by Fire his friends,  
 To bring about his *ARCHIATRICK* ends.  
 He ſaw the World, which firſt had only ſhade,  
 And after rich Embroideries on it laid,  
 Of Glorious Light; how the Homogeneous ſpark,  
 Did firſt Rebell againſt the Central dark.  
 He ſaw the Jemms how firſt they budded, and  
 The Birth of Minerals, which put to ſtand  
 Natures grand Courtiers. He knew the Womb  
 From whom the Various Tribes of Herbs did come.  
 He had been round the Philoſophick ſea,  
 And knew the Tincture if there any be:  
 But all his Art muſt lie, there's no Diſeaſe  
 Predominant, where he doth take his Eaſe:



Outliving *Theophrast*, he shew'd thereby  
Himself *Hermetick*, more surpassing high  
*TRIS-MEGESTOS* I'll stile him; first in Grace,  
Thrice great in *ART*, the next deserving place;  
Thrice High in humble Carriage, and who,  
Would not to Highest Meekness ready bow?  
*England* and *Holland* did great *Winthrop* woe;  
Both had experienc'd Wonders he could doe.  
But poor *New-England* stole his humble Heart,  
From whose deep Wounds he never would depart:  
His Councel Ballome like, he poured in,  
And plaistred up its Breaches made by sin.  
Natives themselves, in parlies would confess,  
Brave *Winthrops* Charity and Holiness.  
The Time he rul'd, War never toucht his bound,  
When Fire, and Sword, and Death, rag'd all round.  
Above whose reach he reigns in Glories Rays,  
Singing with all the Saints his Makers praise.

# EPITAPHIUM

**G**reater Renown than *Boston* could contain,  
Doth underneath this Marble-stone remain:  
Which could it feel but half so well as we,  
'Twould melt to Tears and let its Prisoner free.

## Chelmsfords Fate.

**E**re Famous *Winthrops* Bones are laid to rest,  
The Pagans *Chelmsford* with sad Flames arrest;  
Making an artificial day of night,  
By that Plantations formidable light.  
Here's midnight shreekes, and soul amazing groanes,  
Enough to melt the very Marble-stones:  
Fire-brands, and Bullets, Darts, and Deaths, and Wounds,  
Confusive Noyfes every where resounds:



The Natives shouting, with the English cries :  
 With all the Cruelties the Foes devise ,  
 Might fill a Volume : but I leave a space ,  
 For mercies yet successive in their place :  
 Not doubting but the foes have done their worst ,  
 And shall by Heaven, suddenly be curst.

### *Sudburies Fate.*

**O**Nce more run Lacquey Muse the Council tell,  
 What sad Defeat our hopeful Band befell :  
 Since Fifty odd of Valours choicest Sons,  
 Sinke into Deaths retiring Room at once.  
 The Natives Scouts, like living baits were trail'd,  
 With Umbrages of mighty Rocks and Holes ;  
 ( Fit Pallaces for such perfidious souls.  
 Some to our Linx-ey'd Centinels appear,  
 And quickly run as if posselt with fear :  
 Ours chase , they halt ; We gain, they lightly fly,  
 As if some *Gad* be stung upon the Thigh.  
 One while they linger, falsely to give hope,  
 While to trapin, is their disguised scope ;  
 Into a Labyrinth ) or a natural maze ,  
 Of hideous thickets and unbeaten wayes ;  
 Ours close pursue them, and as close their fate,  
 Smelling their Treachery when 'twas too late,  
 A Race of Natives, as if newly hatcht ,  
 Starts from their Dens , and soon our friends dispatch,  
 Here was of *Indians* too a plenteous Fair,  
 The Chipmen Devils, hovering in the Air :  
 But ah with Tears I may the Reader tell ,  
 A little Host of English down there fell :  
 Two hardy Captains , many manly hearts ,  
 Then felt the Bullets with the venom'd darts.  
 The Parents Vesture with the purple stain'd  
 Of his *Ascanius* by him newly brain'd.  
*Euryalus* his Soul reaks through the wound,

Of *Night* gasping by upon the ground;  
 While the *Rutilian* like enraged bears,  
 The Garments, with Mens Skins, asunder tears:  
 One seeks his Head, scrambling for breathing room,  
 By *Lethal* pangs, a second reads his doom  
 In Vellome Rolls, head off his right hand man:  
 Which they send home for Sagamores to tan;  
 With Scalpes, according to whose number they  
 Receive brave Titles and some rich Array:  
 Our numerous Scars, like stars in bodies shone,  
 Who have for each a glorious Trophie wone:  
 From this *Aceldama*, they post away,  
 To the Grand General for their ready pay:  
 While fellow Soudiers who escape the dint,  
 Bounce our Exchequers, but find little in't.

# CELEUSMA MILITARE.

**B** Ut know stout hearts that Diadems and Crowns,  
 Will powre down from Heaven after your wounds;  
 And you shall find in Honours Lists a place,  
 Where Dastard spirits dare not shew their Face.

About this time Died Major Willard Esq; who had continued one  
 of our Senators many years, and Head of the *Massachusetts* Bands.  
 In 23 April 1676.

# EPITAPHIUM.

**G**reat, Good, and Just, Valiant, and Wise,  
 New-Englands common Sacrifice:  
 The Prince of War, the Bond of Love,  
 A True Herorick Martial Dove:  
 Pardon I crond his Parts so close,  
 Which all the World in measure knows.  
 We envy Death, and well we may,  
 Who keeps him under Lock and Key.

His



His Praises will, or are more largely celebrated; but let this be accepted according to the Nature of my Writings, which are both Brief and General.

*The Indians threaten to Dine at Boston on our Election.*

**T**He hungry Dogs, lending the bay good Cheer,  
Give out Bravadoes that they will be here.  
But hopes we have of an Election day,  
Although their Votes and Proxies keep away.

We think they will our Ammunition smell,  
Which from our friends beyond Sea us befell.

*M. J. Antonomics the Grand Sachems Deaths.*

**A**Breathing time of Silence had my Pen,  
But finds a scribbling matter once again.  
In Narraganset Land near Paquetuck,  
The English with the Natives try a pluck:

Here in an Isthmus pitch the foes their tents,  
Here quartered their naked Regiments:  
Some grope for Lobsters, some to clamp banks run,  
And some lie beautifying in the Sun:  
Some sit in Council, others treating squaws;  
Some grinding parcht Corn with the Querns their Jaws:  
Some sing their Captains dooms, others are lousing,  
Some pawing, some wenching, and some drousing.  
And herein *ANTONOMIC* among the rest,  
All up in Wampum Belts, most richly drest:  
Sate as the Dagon of their motley crew,  
Not thinking that his downfall would ensue:  
Whose Pedegree should I presume to write,  
To Hesiods *Theognis* run I might.  
Our Checquer'd Bands of Whites and Tawnies joyn'd,  
These in their close Retirements quickly find;  
Down to the Earth our Martial gallants fall,  
And like to insects on the Natives crawl.  
Old *UNCUS* tribe who ever had been true,  
Upon the moving Forrest nimbly flew.

The English them as they are flying meet,  
 And multitudes they tumble at their feet.  
 Some captiv'd, others wounded, many slain,  
 Like *Hydra's* Heads, yet ne'r the less remain.  
 And here that *Lucifer* receives defeat,  
 Who scorns with any less than Princes' treat.  
 What Necklace could *New-England* better please,  
 Then Heads strung thick upon a thred of these,  
 Him they dispatch, and hundreds more are hurl'd,  
 Him to attend upon in th' other world:  
 Whose hunting bouts will heavily go on,  
 His Legs must stay until the Head come on.  
 That phansie which so stiffly they maintain,  
 That such on hunting go who hence are slain:  
 I hope ere long will quite convinced be,  
 By many Heads chopt off as fine as he:  
 His ( a brave present ) kist the grateful Hand,  
 Of Dons who in our Southern Tract command.

Least such *Mexican's* beyond Sea should,  
 Restrain their yearly shows of Goods and Gold,  
 Be pleas'd to know there is an hopeful race,  
 Who as you oft have been inform'd have grace.  
 These are confin'd under Christian Wings,  
 And hopes we have never to feel their stings.  
 A natural Prison wall'd with Sea and Isles,  
 From our Metropolis not many miles,  
 Contains their swarms: hither upon advice,  
 Some Grandees venturing powerful and wise;  
 In a small Vessel on a time did tend,  
 Three Dons with their great Apostolick friend:  
 Ere they arrive a Barge runs down their Boat,  
 Mean-while these Worthies three must sink or float.

Their Loaves for comfort round about them swam,  
 And from their Bottles Neptune drinks a dram,  
 He gap'd for men and all, but as God pleas'd  
 By sturdy tackles of that care he's eas'd,

With



With like observance to *November's* day,  
Keep the remembrance of this passage pray.

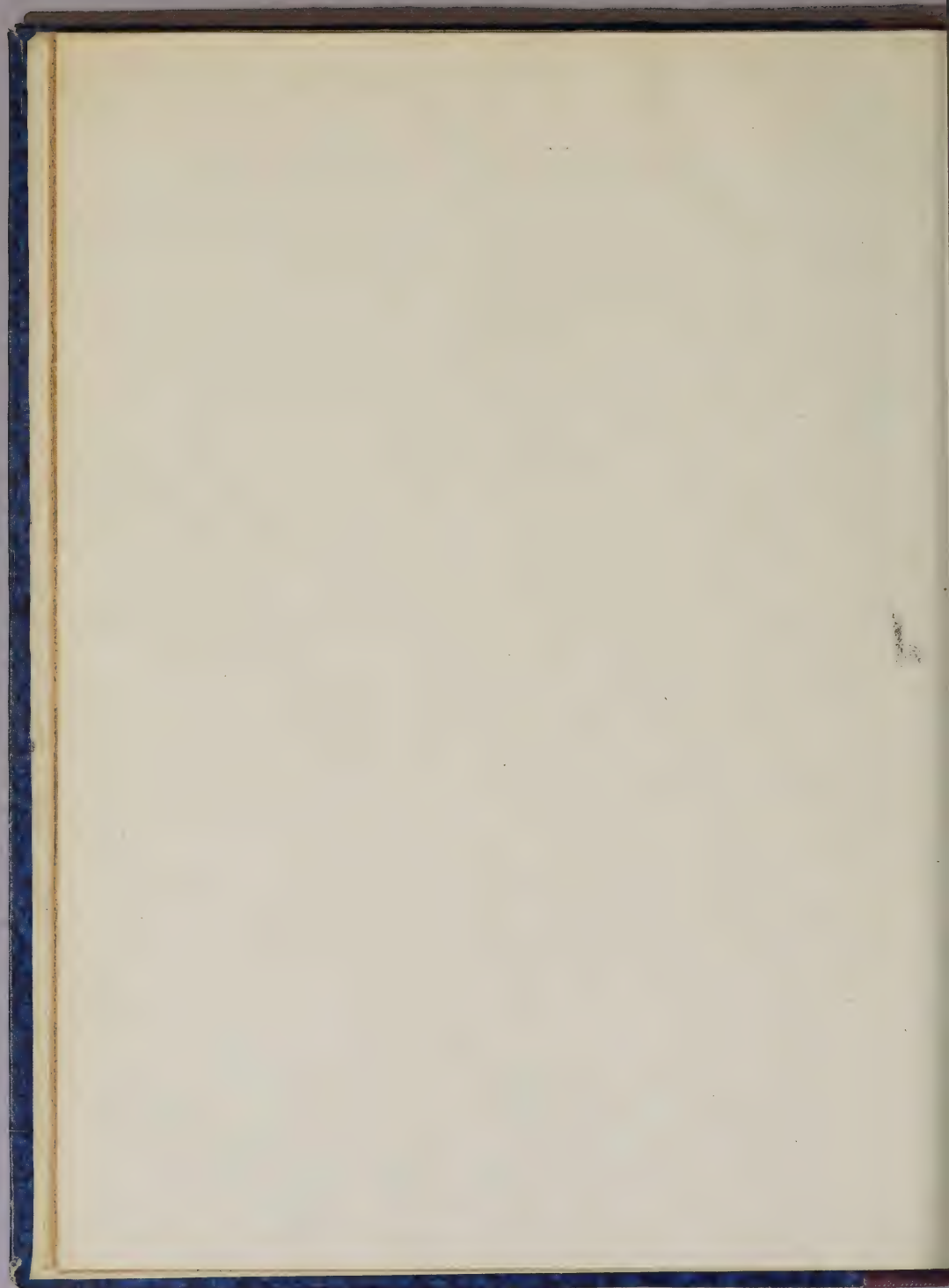
*On the Fortifications began by Women upon  
Boston Neck.*

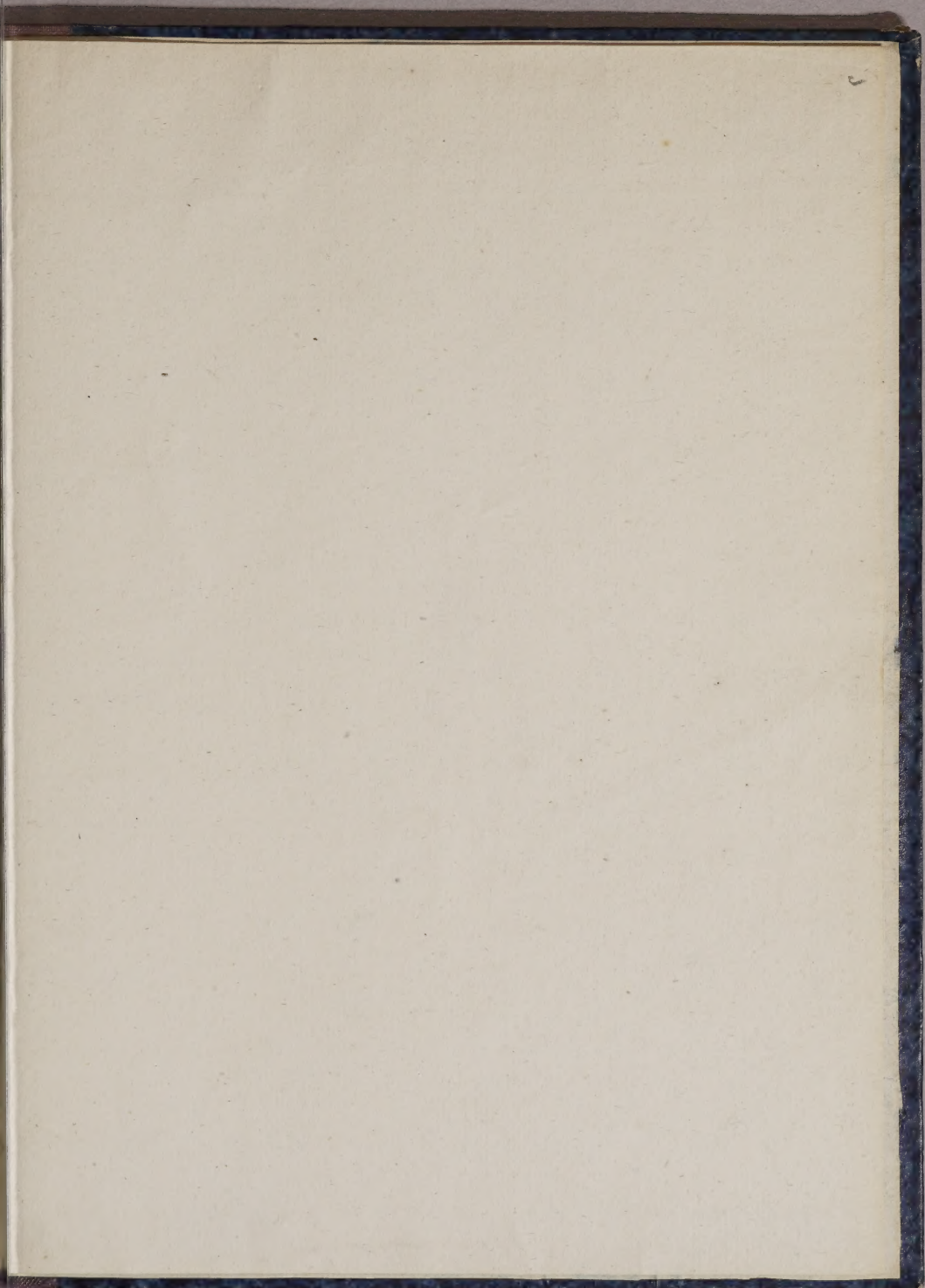
**A** Grand attempt the *Amazonian* dames,  
Contrive, whereby to glorify their names,  
A Ruffe for *Bostons* Neck of mud and turfe,  
Reaching from side to side, from surfe to surfe,  
Their nimble Hands spin up like Christmas Pies.  
Their pastry by degrees on high doth rise.  
Their Wheeles at home count it an Holyday  
While Mistresses are working they may play.  
A tribe of Peticoates with manly hearts,  
Forfake at home their Pasticrust and Tarts:  
To knead the dirt, their Samplers down they hurle,  
Their undulating Silks they closely furle.  
The Pickaxe one as a Commandress holds,  
Another at her awnesh gently scolds.  
One holds her side, while *Hypocondrick* fumes,  
Do tympanize her Pericardian roomes.  
This puffs and sweats, the other grumbles why  
Can't you promote your work so fast as I.  
Some dig and delve, while others hands do feel,  
The little Waggon weight with single wheel:  
And least some fainting fit, the weak surprize,  
They want not Sack and Cakes; they are more wise.  
These brave Essays drew forth mens nervous hands,  
More like to Daubers than to Martial Bands.  
These do the work and sturdy Bulwarks raise,  
But those who first began deserve the praise.

FINIS.

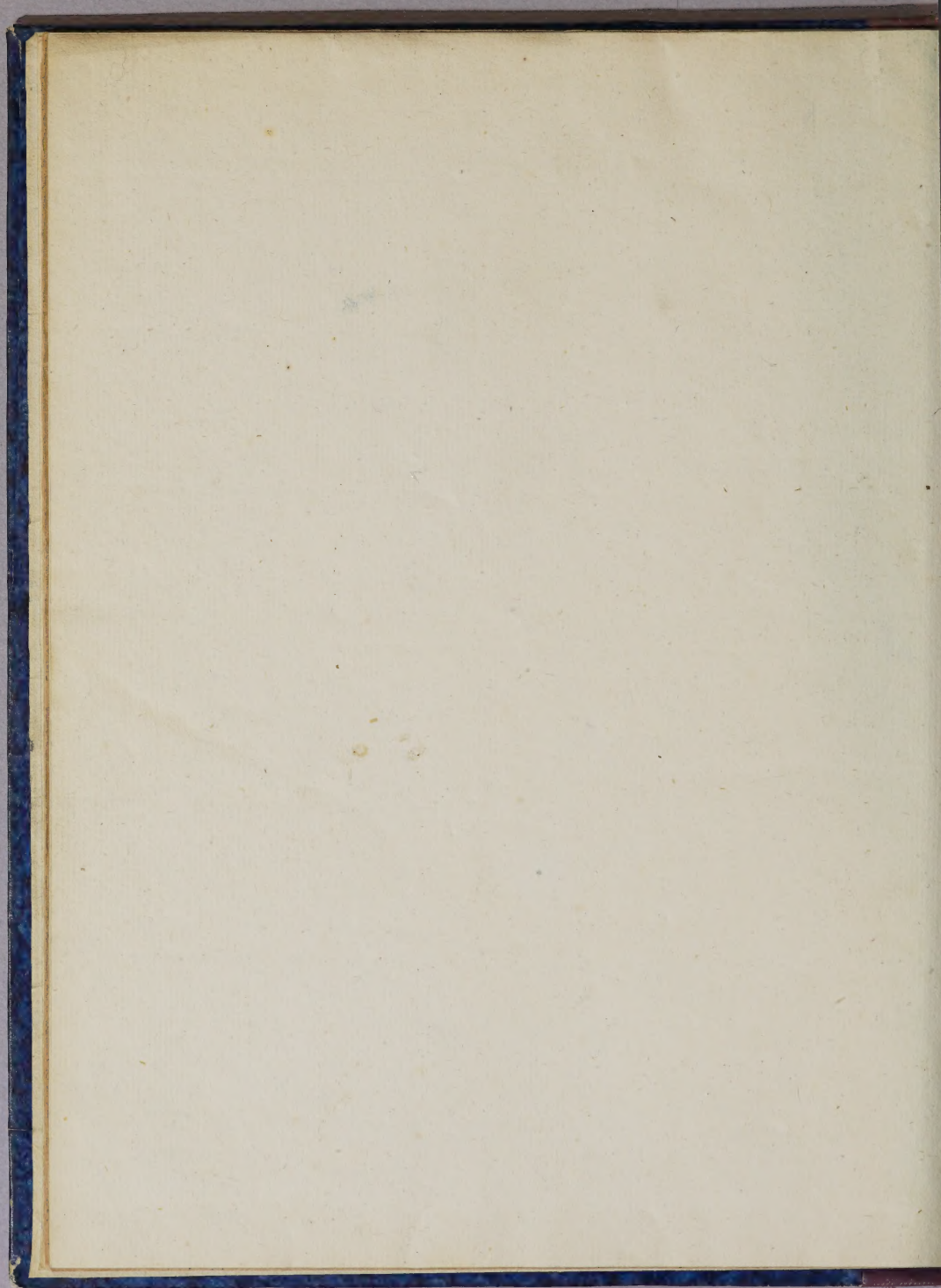












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